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LIFETIME  
RECOLLECTIONS



EMILY E. MOLINEAUX



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EMILY E. MOLINEAUX.

# LIFETIME RECOLLECTIONS.



An interesting Narrative of Life in the Southern States before and during the Civil War, with incidents of the bombardment of Atlanta by the Union forces, the author being then a resident of that City.

BY

EMILY E. MOLINEAUX,

THE "WHITE CLOAK EVANGELIST."



SAN FRANCISCO, 1902.

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## PREFACE.

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This book is written by my own hand, and sets forth the events of my life, both under moral and spiritual law. It shows the difference between natural and divine history, and God's supremacy over all.

This volume does not contain fiction but facts, for it gives the events of my life just as I passed through them, and shows the Truth as I experienced it and learned to know it. Though in writing it I have found so many broken links in the chain of thought, that the endeavor to weld them together has been almost like trying to gather, one by one, the pebbles on the ocean shore, or trying to replace golden moments forever past. I have done my best to make the narration complete.

I have written in simplicity, and for the redeeming of our race, and I dedicate my book to the Lord, trusting that the Holy Spirit may carry its message to the hearts of all humanity—both Jews and Gentiles.

E. E. M.



## INTRODUCTION.

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I have read the manuscript of this work of Mrs. Molineaux with much interest, and have revised and edited a portion of it. It is well written, and plainly portrays the life and experiences of a good woman. Many were her distresses and cares, but the Lord mercifully brought her through them all, and her life story will be of great benefit to every one who reads it.

Her religious experience is of unusual interest, and will prove of great benefit to many a soul who may be confused and tried by the arts of Satan and the allurements of the world.

I take great pleasure in recommending the work to the general public, and pray that it may be made a great blessing to every one of its readers, and prove the means of leading many a weary soul to Christ.

W. S. URMY.

OAKLAND, 1902.

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## MY EARLY LIFE.

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I was born on February 16, 1829, and was the fourth of the thirteen children who comprised the family of William J. and Nancy W. Bowman, of Green County, Tennessee.

My father was a student, and afterwards a teacher in Tusculum College, of which Samuel W. Doak was President at the time. While at college he formed the acquaintance of Nancy W. McKeehan, whose parents were among the early settlers of that county, and left the college to marry her—for which reason his father, Jesse Bean, of Cohabba, Alabama, disinherited him. He then took his mother's maiden name, and was afterwards known as William J. Bowman.

Although not a converted Christian, my father read the Bible in his family and brought his children up very strictly, the penalty for a broken rule or disobedience of any kind being correction by the rod. He was a fine scholar and an excellent teacher, and our home life would have been happy and prosperous had it not been for the fact that he was addicted to drink. After leaving college he established a private school, where he taught languages as well as the other educational branches ; but his classes were often broken up on account of his unfortunate habit, and my mother would be obliged to go out among his patrons and plead with them to continue to send their children to him for instruction. As in those days we had no free schools, and competent teachers were scarce,

he was allowed even after serious lapses from sobriety to resume his position in the community, and sometimes our friends and neighbors would, in a kindly way, celebrate his return to his duties. He was the only teacher that his own children ever had ; but, in spite of his ability, our early instruction, on account of his intemperance, was very deficient, and included none of the higher branches of learning.

My parents were noted for their hospitality, but were not members of any religious society nor of any secret order. At home I was not blessed with the privilege of hearing the voice of father or mother in prayer ; but my mother, who, although brought up along the strictest of Presbyterian lines, favored the Baptist denomination more than any other, warned her children when they came to years of maturity that sin would be eternally punished. She taught us that there was a hell and a heaven, and said that we must repent and forsake our sins and be converted and baptized in order to enter into heaven. She also taught us verses and chapters of Scripture ; but, notwithstanding these teachings, from cradle to womanhood I never had a serious thought as to my soul, death, judgment or eternity. When, however, I heard a sermon preached by an inspired preacher, it was to me like cooling waters to a thirsty traveler in a parched desert, and this led me to believe that there was a God and a heaven. My poor starved soul went out to such a speaker, for I knew that he had something that I lacked—something that came from no earthly source—and I longed to be like him, and to have the same assurance of the truth.

At such times I thought : “ If there be a heaven it is

in him ; and if there be a God he is taught of Him ”

When a minister expounded the glorious beauty and grandeur and bliss of heaven—showed the terrors and miseries of hell, and warned the people to flee from the wrath to come—every word seemed to be accompanied by the deepest anxiety of heart and love toward all mankind, and seemed to have for me a special and earnest message. But when I went out from a place of divine worship it was like going out into a dreary wilderness full of doubt and temptations, and the enemy would soon overcome all the good desires of my heart.



## MY SISTER ANN'S CONVERSION.

When I was about fifteen years old, two preachers—Mr. Wylie Poulee and a Mr. Smith—held revival services in my father's school-house, which was within half a mile of our home. I had never attended a revival, or seen a soul converted, or heard the testimony of a Christian, save through ministers of the gospel, and my mother arranged matters so that my sister Ann, whom I loved very dearly, since she was only about a year older than myself and my favorite sister, could, with me, attend the meetings.

We went regularly, and Ann seemed impressed from the first ; and one night, when there was a call for all who desired to be saved to go forward to the altar, she asked me to go with her to be prayed for ; but I refused, for I was full of laughter and fun at the time. She urged me so strongly, however, that for her sake alone I finally accompanied her down the aisle, and we both knelt together. In a few minutes she arose, with a light of glory shining in her face, laughing, and clapping her hands joyfully. She told the story of the cross, and showed by every word and look that a wonderful change had come to her. That night she told me her experience in detail, and said that the following hymn—always her favorite—had brought her to Christ :

“ Alas and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote [that] sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?



ANN M. BOWMAN.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—*Daniel, xii; 3.*





“ Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown  
And love beyond degree !

“ But drops of grief can ne’er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
’Tis all that I can do.”

My sister Ann, who died in 1887, was the first person that I ever saw converted, and I realized that there was, after that, a complete separation between us. It appeared to me as though she belonged to the Lord and that I belonged to Satan, and, in this condition, I felt that I was no more worthy of her love. It was one of the saddest separations that I ever experienced, but she exhorted me to also seek the Lord, and I promised her that I would.

Shortly after this Ann was baptized in Holston river, and the next day a Methodist minister—C. Austin by name—came with his wife and took her away to live with them. As they rode away on their horses, I stood gazing at her until she went out of sight, and feeling as if my heart would break.

I fully intended to keep my farewell promise to my dear sister, when there should come a convenient time ; but months rolled away, and the “convenient season” did not come. I loved the world and thought that I could not give it up. Though I was willing to be saved with the world, unless I could be positively assured of the reward of eternal life, I felt that I could not bring myself to part with what I had ; and I thought it better to make sure of one life than to lose both.

Through a kind Providence my sister and I were reunited, and her heavenly countenance and earnest words made me realize my unworthiness and feel greatly humiliated. The tears ran down my cheeks like raindrops, as she asked :

“ Emily, have you found the Lord yet ? ”

“ No, I have not,” I answered.

“ Oh, do not give up your search for Him,” she plead, and I renewed my promise to her that I would seek until I found Him.



MY NEW HOME.

---

I was still between two desires, for I wished to hold on to the world and Christ at the same time ; and I lived in this way for nearly two years, though I often felt that I was in danger of putting off my decision until too late. Every time that my sister and I met, her looks and words would seem to almost break my heart, and it came to me at last that I had been living this kind of a life long enough, and that I must change my course or I never could be saved.

At that time I was about sixteen years old, in excellent health, and life gave promise of many years ; but I was unsettled in all my ways, since I had no permanent home, and I often felt that I was a pilgrim and a wanderer upon earth. All the Christian counsel that I received was from sister Ann, and I became anxious to find a place in some Christian family where I might profit both by precept and example. Soon after I had made up my mind definitely upon this point I was directed to apply to Robert Cardwell, who lived on a plantation in Granger County, Tennessee, about two miles from where I was then living, and I made up a small bundle of clothes and started for his place.

When I reached Mr. Cardwell's house I introduced myself as the daughter of William J. Bowman, the teacher of Jefferson County, and said that, being in search of a Christian family where I could make my home, I had

been referred to him. It is pleasant to remember that I was most cordially received, and during my entire stay with these good people was treated as kindly as if I had been one of their own children.

I had sought this place in order to be saved by grace, but I never told my new friends, who thought I was already a Christian, of this. These two devoted Christians, who worshipped in public and kept up a family altar in their home, soon became very fond of me ; and at night I gathered with them around the hearthstone, listened to the reading of the old family Bible, and united my voice with theirs in hymns of prayer and praise, such as :

“ A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify.”

I began to think that this was in truth the place for which I had long been seeking, for when Sunday morning came everything about this blessed home seemed to speak of heaven. I felt that I had got out of darkness, and it appeared to me as if I had come out into a broad and beautiful plain, and the way was now open for me. When the horses were harnessed to the carryall, and I was seated between these two dear souls on the way to the church of Shiloh, of which they were members, I felt sure that the time had indeed come for me to seek the Lord.

So earnest was I that I found for myself a secret place in the woods, under the branches of an oak, where I might, undisturbed, commune with my Maker. I thought at this time that performing all the duties of a Christian, forsaking all sin, and living in perfect obedience to God,

would bring me to Christ, and that my good works would save me, and I lived this self-righteous life for some months ; but at last I was fully convinced of my need of a Saviour.

The moment came to me, but I still hesitated. "Is there any reality in this?" I thought. "Can I believe there is a hereafter and a heaven?"

And then these words of Scripture came to me :

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

I said : "I will give the world in exchange for my soul and heaven."

Then I, with all earnestness, made my consecration to the Lord. I covenanted to give up the world and my companions, and to forsake sin and even the appearance of evil. I made a solemn promise to the Lord that I would never give up trying until I felt myself truly saved.

Satan, however, came and argued with me, saying : "You will fail in that for which you have sought, and lose both the life that is now and the life for which you hope, for there is no God and no hereafter."

But immediately another, an inner, voice said : "Prove me ; try me ; bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts ;" and, thus strengthened, I could answer the tempter : "Get thee behind me, Satan ; I will obey and follow the Lord."

Satan left me, and I pledged myself anew never to cease my efforts until I was saved, or had completely

surrendered myself, the world, Satan, and everything that was sinful. When, if ever, I thought, I should reach that point, if God did not save me I should have to believe that there was neither any God or heaven or eternity.

Why was it that, feeling as I did, I was still unsaved? It was because I was merely trusting in myself, and believed that my good works would save me and ought to give me a clear title to heaven. Beware, dear reader, of putting your faith in your own good works and self-righteous deeds built on and from self, for these are a sandy foundation and the poorest of material, and will all come to naught at the end. To make sure of heaven we must give up the world, and all that is in it, entirely. We must not only give up this in coming near the Kingdom, but we have plain proof in the Scriptures that we must give up our lives also.

My great fear at this time was that I might be deceived in regard to my conversion, or that I might unconsciously act the hypocrite; and I prayed God to keep me from both these things, and to let me know clearly and plainly when I was saved. I realized that I must know Him personally and experimentally. I must know him in the pardoning of my sins by feeling an inner change in my entire being; and I committed my way unto Him, and looked to Him as my leader, counselor, and guide, that He might guard me against the assaults of Satan and all pitfalls by the way wherein I might stumble.

## “God Works in a Mysterious Way.”

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A yearly camp meeting was held at a place called Spring Creek Camp Ground, and Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell owned a small log cabin on the grounds and attended regularly. In those days we had no tents, and all the campers used log cabins, while the meetings were held in a large wooden shed. The Cardwells kindly invited me to go to this place with them, and I prayed earnestly that I might be saved during the progress of the meeting. My sister Ann, and many of the old veterans of the Cross, were to be there, and I felt that through their instrumentality my wish might be accomplished. not knowing at that time that the Lord needed no help to do this wonderful thing. I was still trusting in my own righteousness, and leaning upon Christians instead of the Lord ; but I knew it not, for I was thoroughly in earnest in my endeavors, though in those days I had studied the Bible but very little, and was poorly informed as to Divine law.

The camp meeting was conducted upon the apostolic order, the churches all uniting. There was no buying or selling on the grounds ; everything was free, and all things were in common, being divided with all as all had need. A spirit of unselfishness and helpfulness prevailed, and the whole atmosphere seemed full of kindness and good will.

When the meeting opened a penitent altar was established, and, as usual, all who desired to be saved were

invited to come forward. I remembered my covenant and vow to the Lord, and was the first to bow before that altar ; continuing to do so, both night and day, throughout the meetings until but two days remained of their allotted time. Then, at last, I gave up faith in myself and all earthly hopes, and felt that I was indeed lost. I had specially chosen this time and place in which to be saved and how dreadful was the thought that He might now reject me, and leave me in the hands of the enemy throughout eternity.

Once realizing this I became sin-sick. I had acted as table waiter for the preachers, but found myself unable to continue. I fasted, and felt that I might die at any moment ; but the death that was coming to me was a spiritual and not a physical death ; it was the death that must precede spiritual life.

The farewell sermons were being preached, and I concealed myself behind our cabin door, which opened into the auditorium, where I could hear every word that was spoken. They pierced me through and through, and I wept bitterly. Then there came an inner voice saying :

“Come out from your hiding place and go down to the altar.”

“That was the voice of the Lord,” I thought ; and then I hesitated, saying to myself :

“I cannot walk down there ; I am too weak and ill, and there are too many looking on.”

But the thought of my solemn promise that I would do anything that the Lord bade me to do in order to be saved, and that I would never give it up, moved me to



obey, and I went and sat down within the altar.

Our circuit rider, William Allee, was delivering his last address, and, as I saw the tears falling from his eyes, his words penetrated my heart and killed me—that is, the Self that I had so long struggled with. I died; but passed from death into life. I was born again; made a new creature in Christ Jesus. “Old things are passed away, and behold! all things are become new.”

Oh, what a change! I was born of the spirit; risen with Christ! Dear reader, this spiritual birth is indescribable.

“Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.” In my distress I cried unto the Lord and He heard me. I cried with my whole heart “Save!” and he saved me.

“O, clap your hands all ye people; shout unto the Lord with the voice of triumph. O, sing unto the Lord a new song; make a joyful noise unto the Lord, for He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.”

It was heaven on earth to at last know my Redeemer. The whole encampment reverberated with shouts of triumph. All things animate and inanimate seemed praising God, and the earth was filled with His glory. I drank in one wave of glory after another, and knew not myself, for I was filled with it. As I stood before the altar clothed in innocence, old Mother Earth and all things in nature seemed touched with heavenly beauty. I felt that I had come up from the dead, out of a world of darkness and sin; that I was liberated from a prison house; that I was in a new world. The New Jerusalem

opened and heaven came down ; earth and heaven were united, and the angels ascended and descended.

The beloved minister, whose words had brought me to the Saviour, now stood leaning over the pulpit weeping and laughing, with outstretched arms to receive me into his fellowship and brotherly love ; and I have cherished the memory of him as he looked at that moment all through my life. His words will never be forgotten ; and I feel sure that I shall find them and his name enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Dear reader, have you entered in ? "O, come and taste, and see that the Lord is good." How many have tasted this fruit and drank at this living fountain. You have a loving friend who is reliable in every way, and is ready at all times to deliver you out of every peril of life. He stands with outstretched arms ready to receive you, and to fill you with all the fulness of God. He is a just, loving and merciful Saviour, and you are one of His children out in the wild desert of life, lost in a wilderness of sin, and He longs to save and comfort you. But, remember, we must give up all in coming to Christ ; all earthly ties and affections must go ; all earthly props upon which we lean must come down.

"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me ; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me ; and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me."

Oh, how merciful was God to spare my life and give me so long a time in which to struggle against my stubborn heart, and to realize just how I must come to him ! When I found that it was true that there was a Saviour

who could and would save me, and fill me with all the riches and glory of heaven, the thought of my past ingratitude and unbelief almost overwhelmed me. Would that I could persuade all who read this simple story of the blessed experience that was mine in the early morning of life when I was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, to ever doubt our dear Lord, but to turn to Him at once, and know what it is to be folded in His arms of love.



## My Marriage and Later Life.

---

When I was twenty-one years of age I was, with the consent of my parents, united in marriage with L. D. Buchanan, our wedding taking place at my father's house December 26, 1849. Not long after this event my husband's brother, Thomas Buchanan, who lived in Louisiana, came with his wife to make us a visit, and when they returned to their home we accompanied them.

My husband was a painter by trade, but he was also a farmer ; and, soon after our arrival in Louisiana he was given the position of overseer of negroes on a plantation, at a good salary. A few months subsequent to this I became the mother of a daughter ; but my happiness was early clouded by the fact that, within a year after our marriage, my husband yielded to the vice of intemperance, and the most of his earnings, which should have gone for the support of his wife and child, was dissipated in this way.

In 1852 my health, and also that of my little girl, became very poor, as we both suffered greatly from chills and fever ; and my husband sent us back to my mother, who was then living in Knoxville, Tennessee, with my brother, J. M. Bowman, then a clerk in a clothing house, who kindly took care of us, I doing what I could to lighten the expense by sewing on garments furnished me from the store.

Two years passed during which I received no word

from my husband, and then, one day, he unexpectedly appeared, bearing every evidence in looks and manners that his deplorable habit was more firmly in control of him than when we parted. The death of my little girl, two years and eight months old, followed soon after we were re-united, and nearly broke my heart.

In 1854 I became the mother of a son, of whom I was very proud and fond, but who caused me much after unhappiness, in that he followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, and became a victim of an insatiable fondness for alcoholic stimulants. Only those who have had a similar experience can understand the trial and grief I passed through on account of this. How true are the Proverbs of Solomon, where he says : "Wine is a mocker ; strong drink is raging ; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Alcohol mocks the man who says that it "builds him up" It shatters his nerves, wrecks his life, and builds only a consuming fire to rage continually within him.

When my son was ten months old my husband's conduct became such that patience with him ceased to be a virtue, and, after serious and prayerful consideration of the matter, I felt obliged to leave him. After this I lived an unsettled and unsatisfactory life for some years, making my home wherever I chanced to be, and trying to feel that all people were my people. I was like Hager when she was driven forth to wander in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, and I felt that those who had peaceful and permanent homes could not appreciate them as would I, to whom that form of earthly happiness seemed to be denied. I tried, however, to accommodate myself to

circumstances, and be thankful for all other things that I received.

“ I tried to feel contented with my lot,  
Whether I dwelt in hall or humble cot.  
With grateful heart to take what God might send,  
And feel that, rich or poor, He was my friend.

“ The kindly acts that made my pathway bright,  
To Him I traced, who ever doeth right.  
I envied none, for wit, or gold, or fame,  
But lived at peace with all, and without blame.”

When I left Knoxville I visited my husband's cousin and his family, in Central Georgia. I found them very proud people, whose wealth consisted mainly of negroes, and thought best to remain there but a short time ; going from their home to that of Robert and Elizabeth Cardwell, with whom I had lived in my girlhood, and where I felt sure of a welcome. As I drew near their old plantation, with its green fields and shady groves, the days of my youth came back to my mind, when all was light and life. I felt as if I had come out of Egypt and entered into the land of Canaan. I looked upon the old homestead where I had spent so many happy days, and forgot for the moment the sorrows that had come to me since I lived beneath that roof. I listened to the singing birds, where God in nature first smiled upon me, and my heart thrilled with joy too sacred ever to be forgotten. And as I viewed the place where grace divine first found me, oh ! how dear to my memory were her tents and her altars !

After spending some months with these dear friends I

returned to Knoxville, and there visited my brother-in-law, Thomas Buchanan, who then lived in Indiola, Texas, and was kindly received by himself and his wife. At the conclusion of a visit of a few months I crossed the Gulf of Mexico by steamer to New Orleans, where I remained at a hotel for a short time, since a terrific gale experienced on the Gulf had made me very ill. When my strength returned I continued my journey to Knoxville, remaining there for some time, and occasionally visiting in outside places.

During all this time I had the sole care of my son, and my lot was, as can be seen, cast among many different kinds of people and in almost every condition of life that can be imagined. Often in my loneliness I craved the place of a servant, who at least has a settled home and is saved from the many unpleasant experiences that fell to my wandering lot. Many temptations were placed in my pathway to allure me from the right ; but, when finances and true friendship seemed to fail me, then I thought of how God commanded the ravens to feed Elijah, and how the widow's handful of meal in the barrel wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, and had faith that I should be likewise provided for.

My anxiety to have a settled home continued through all my wanderings, and finally I was advised to go to a little village called Tullahoma, situated between Nashville and Chattanooga. This was a place that had been beautifully planned and laid out as a summer resort by a wealthy gentleman of Nashville. General Moore, who was an old veteran of the Creek war, was land agent there, and through him I bought a nice lot and had a

neat cottage built thereon. The financial assistance of several friends enabled me to do this, and also to furnish it cheaply but prettily. When my son and I moved into our new home he was three years old and I was twenty-five, and I felt that as far as earthly comfort goes I had little, if anything, of which to complain. I appreciated, to the utmost, the long-wished-for happiness that was at last mine. All was rest, and I felt utterly peaceful and content in my new home.

“Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home :  
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
O. give me my lowly thatched cottage again.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with  
elsewhere.

The birds singing gaily that come at my call,  
O, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.  
Home, home ; sweet, sweet home !  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”





## The South and North Divide.

---

I lived a quiet and peaceful life in my little home for six years, and was then obliged to give it up. It seemed that I had but just begun to know the happiness of real home-life when I was forced again to go forth into the outside world and resume my wanderings.

There was, however, no help for it. The South and the North had come into conflict, and I was obliged to endure a part of the consequent suffering. Slavery was the rock upon which they split ; and I could not but feel that the contention of the North was right.

In the part of the South in which I was born and brought up the slaves were generally well treated, as most of them were owned by good people. Aside from the fact that they were in bondage, they fared as well as the white people ; but, when I went to Louisiana, after my marriage, I saw what I had never witnessed before, and that was the cruel and inhuman treatment of slaves by some of the slave-holders of that section. When I saw the severe punishments inflicted upon some poor negroes I lost all respect for their owners ; and I am convinced that it was this barbarous treatment of slaves that brought on the Civil War. Had the negroes been more kindly used by their masters, the terrible war, with its fearful loss of life, would never have occurred.

Since Christ, our Saviour, died for man, slavery is wrong. It is not in accordance with the law of grace and

love for one man to own another, for man as a human being is morally free ; and every man, of whatever nation, color, sect or creed, is free under God's law. God's justice at last overruled the injustice of man and broke the fetters of cruelty. God was behind it all, and we must accept the freedom of the African, and all other races, as coming from him.

The cry of the North was that the negroes must be freed ; and the South, not willing to do this, severed itself from the Union and established a government of its own, in which to perpetuate their bondage. Jefferson Davis was elected President of the newly-formed Southern Confederacy ; the Confederate flag was raised, and Confederate money issued.

Even after the war broke out, had the Confederacy accepted the compromise measures offered by the North, the freedom of the slaves would have been delayed ; but God willed otherwise, and the war continued. Father was arrayed against son, and brother against brother. Homes and families were divided by this dreadful strife, and the pleasant Southland was devastated and laid waste.

General Bragg was commander of the fort in the little town where I had made my home, and the whole place was turned into military headquarters. Under the orders of the General we, who had no military duties there, had to remove and go elsewhere. The cry of battle was on every side ; all was excitement and confusion. Individual rights are lost sight of in the clash of great armies, and I was forced to abandon my loved cottage, and, bidding it a sad farewell, looked for shelter outside those familiar walls.

“Retreat !” they shout. “The enemy  
Is close upon the town !”  
No time is there for fond farewells  
’Neath grim War’s threatening frown.

The call “To arms !” strikes every heart  
With over-mastering dread,  
For well we know the morrow’s sun  
Will shine on dear ones dead.

The sullen roar of cannonade  
Pervades the summer air ;  
The hail of grape-shot thickly falls  
Upon the blossoms fair.

In battle’s front, my well-loved home,  
A sacrifice thou art  
To human passions fiercely roused,  
And thou and I must part.



## My War-Time Experiences.

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Having never read a history of the Civil War, written by either side, I rely for this narrative upon what I saw with my own eyes and personally experienced ; and I shall endeavor to relate this part of my life, both spiritual and secular, exactly as I passed through it. As far as it goes, therefore, it will be a truthful history of that time.

It was in mid-summer of 1863 when we left Tullahoma going thence to Dalton, Georgia, and remaining there until after the battle of Chickamauga, which was then pending. After this battle the citizens of Dalton received a request from headquarters to assist in caring for the wounded when the cars reached their town, and I assisted in this work until all the wounded were brought in from the battle-field. I ministered to Federals as well as to Confederates, but I dared not express sympathy, lest I might show my colors ; for I was not in favor of slavery, and it would have been dangerous, situated as I was, to express my true sentiments.

After this work was finished we went on to Atlanta, and I had been there only twelve months when the bombardment of that place began. We were cut off from all outside supplies, and all drew rations from the common stock stored in the city, while the prices for everything that could be purchased were most exorbitant.

General Hood was in command at Atlanta, and the town was strongly fortified ; but it could not resist the

attack of General Sherman's powerful army, forcing its way to the sea, and leaving death and desolation in its track. In the month of July, 1864, General Sherman demanded the surrender of the city, and stated that if this was refused a certain number of days would be allowed for the removal of women and children, and that then the bombardment would begin. The Federal army had been reenforced, and their batteries were planted in favorable places ready to open fire upon the doomed town.

Great consternation was of course caused by these terrible preparations which were going on outside. Everything seemed turned upside down, and the people rushed aimlessly hither and thither. The city was crowded at the time, many persons living in the open air, where women did their cooking without shelter under the scorching rays of the summer sun. The negroes were crowded together in barracks, their owners doing everything in their power to hold them, fearing that the Yankees would get possession of them and set them free.

About half of the inhabitants left the place during the days of grace given us, and those who remained sought underground shelter wherever possible, through fear of shot and shell. I, with my son (who was now eight years old), was, with some other persons, temporarily occupying a cooper-shop, and one evening a gentleman of fine appearance called at the door. He was on his way home from down-town, and told us that his name was J. F. Warner, and that he was the Superintendent of the State Gas Works. After talking for some he said to me :

"Are you not very uncomfortable here? Would you not like to come up to my house to live?" at the same

time pointing out his house, which was a beautiful place, surrounded by trees and situated upon a little hill.

I thanked him, and said that I should like to go very much ; and he then said :

“ Will you come with me now ? I have a little daughter, eight years old. My wife died a short time ago, and the nurse who has been taking care of my child and looking after the house has left the city to escape the bombardment. I should like you to care for my little girl.”

I assented, and, taking my boy, went with this good and kind-hearted man to his home, which I found to be a cottage of six or seven rooms, well furnished, and supplied not only with the comforts, but the luxuries, of life. After showing me through the house, Mr. Warner said :

“ You can make this your home, for I am only waiting for the way to open so that I can go North.”

His wife, I learned, had left a young baby when she died, which had already been sent North to the care of friends.

The position held by Mr. Warner had, for a time, exempted him from conscription in the Southern Army ; but he was then at home on a furlough, having been at last compelled to go into the field. Mr. Warner was loyal to the Union, and did not wish to do anything against his principles, but the time had arrived when he must make a decision as to what course to pursue. His furlough had expired, and I had been but a short time in his house when Sherman's army began the siege. He decided not to return to the army, and he was so closely pursued by the Confederate conscript officers that he had to secrete himself as much as possible.

A man named Michael Campbell, who had been a Sergeant in the army, but had been laid off duty because of age and feebleness was employed by him to care for the garden and attend to the outside work, and the two together made a casket of brick, dressed off smoothly on the inside, which was just large enough for Mr. Warner to lie down in. This they placed under that gentleman's bedroom floor, and made a trap-door in the floor near the bed, arranging all with such cleverness that no one could mistrust anything unusual. This being done, whenever we saw the officers coming, or thought that there was any danger of a visit from them, we hid our employer in the casket and stood sentinel for him—to warn him against a surprise—as the officers were then threatening his life.

The bombardment became daily more and more terrible. Shot and shell fell upon the houses like a storm of hail, and the roar of the cannon was like the noise of a tornado. Destruction was on every side of us. We made a breast-work of our large cotton mattresses, placing them in front of the cellar, and got behind this barricade, but found our position very unsafe and sought to find some surer protection.

There was in the center of the yard an unused well, forty-eight feet deep, and Michael Campbell took a pick and shovel and dug a hole in the side of this, half-way down, just large enough for us to crowd into. While this place of refuge was being prepared the conscript officer came to the house. Mr. Warner managed to get into the casket in time, and I was standing guard.

The officer inquired of me where Mr. Warner was,

and I told him that we had just received a message from him and that he would soon be home. He said : " I will fix him when I get him." But, while he said these words, he was standing almost on the place where the man for whom he sought was concealed, and left the house without even suspecting the fact.

We took possession at once of our quarters in the well, going down to them by means of a hook and ladder ; and I felt thankful that our lives were secure for at least a short time, although the terrific explosions of the shells above our heads shook the whole foundation, and it seemed at times as though the earth would cave in on us and send us to the bottom of the well, and bury us there. We could scarcely hear each other speak because of the noise of the cannonading.

Our house was in front of one of the batteries which was firing at the State shop and gas works, but I had to go there to prepare our food. As far as possible I did so during the intervals in the firing, but sometimes I was caught and the shells would begin to fall before I could get back to shelter. When this happened I would catch up in my hands or apron anything eatable within reach and run to the well, where the family were quite content, under the circumstances, to take a " bite " out of my fingers without thinking of ceremony.





## A Midnight Tragedy.

So far during the siege we had all, with the exception of Mr. Warner, who would never risk it, slept upstairs in our beds ; and we had become so accustomed to the roar of the shots and shells that their noise hushed us to sleep. The little girl, however, became ill from the dampness of the well, and the father, who was giving her some simple treatment, decided that for his child's sake he would break his rule and sleep with her in his room. So it was that on one fatal evening he bade us good night, and, taking the little one with him, went to his long unused apartment and to bed.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when I was awakened by the sound of groans, and thought that probably some soldier near by had been struck by a shell. I rose and called Michael Campbell, who slept in a room adjoining, and told him that some one was wounded close at hand. He listened, and then rushed to Mr. Warner's chamber, where he found a twenty-four pound shell still hot and unexploded.

This shell had passed through the wall, striking both Mr. Warner and Lizzie as they lay in the bed, and demolishing almost everything in the room. The child had been killed instantly as she lay asleep, with a smile on her face, and her father was fatally wounded, as both legs were severed from his body.

When I spoke to him, he said calmly :

"I shall not live. I shall soon be with Susy in heaven."

Fifteen minutes after that he died ; but, during that interval he called for paper and wrote his will one of us guiding his hand, and gave us many instructions and directions. Then he called for a glass of water and passed quietly away.

While this was going on we had hard work to get three of his loyal friends out of their bomb-proofs to come and see him ; and, when at last they did come, one of them fainted when he beheld the ruin, and another had to be assisted from the room. These friends hastened quickly back to their bomb-proofs and left us alone with the dead.

All this time I had left my son alone, for I had forgotten him entirely while attending to Mr. Warner and Lizzie, but when Mr. Warner was no longer alive I was free to care for him. I nearly fainted in the effort to get him out of the house, for the missiles of death were flying in every direction, and I had to face the cannon that was turned directly upon us. I pulled the frightened child out of bed and managed to get him down into the well ; and then I sat down and wept, crying at the top of my voice, but there was no one to come to my relief, or even to hear me.

The following is an extract from an article written about this sad disaster by a reporter for the New York "Tribune," who interviewed Michael Campbell and myself after the fall of Atlanta :

"THE WARNER FAMILY CALAMITY.

"On the night of the 3d of August, 1864, as shot

and shell whistled and hummed as they tore through the heavens on their raid of death and desolation, what a night of horror was spent in that afflicted mansion no one can ever tell but the brave inmates of that house. The midnight air without a ray, and the streets of the deserted city reverberated with the demoniac shrieks of the savage shells as they seethed and tore through the heavens on their raid of death and desolation."

These verses came to me as I sat meditating in the well on that night of terror and disaster :

When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation !  
Thousands sleeping in their sins, neglecting their salvation.

When this cruel war is over,  
And the sun of peace shall rise,  
We will shout and sing together,  
And our gladness fill the skies.

When this cruel war is over,  
With its scenes of blood and strife,  
Truth shall then be crowned with victory—  
Freedom quickened into life.

When this cruel war is over,  
And the roll is called no more,  
We will sing heaven's glorious anthems,  
Meeting on the other shore.

C. E. M.

Two days after this Sherman's army surrounded Atlanta; the doomed city surrendered, and peace was proclaimed therein. I came out of my hiding place, when I heard the cry: "Atlanta has surrendered!" and I felt like shouting, so great was my relief and thankfulness. I hoisted a white flag, rejoicing exceedingly. It

seemed as though the resurrection had come, and, although everything was in ruins, yet our old Mother Earth looked beautiful to me, with the sky and the sun smiling down upon us. I felt like making a public feast and calling in the people, that we might rejoice together. Surely no one can express the feelings of persons long prisoned underground when they are restored to light and life again ; and no pen of mine can ever tell what we besieged ones had passed through during those days and nights spent under the awful shadow of ever-threatening death.

As soon as possible after the fatal catastrophe which had so suddenly broken up our household, we sent a telegram to Mr. Warner's brother, Charles, and he arrived in Atlanta just after the double burial, so that all that remained for him to do was to take charge of Mr. Warner's effects and return to his own home. The murderous shell I gave to a Boston reporter, helping him to box it up to send to the Boston Museum, there to be exhibited for the benefit of the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Widows and Orphans ; and so this sad episode of my life closed.

The day after the fall of Atlanta some officers and inspectors from Sherman's army came walking by the house, and I heard them say : " This place has suffered ; " but, when they went inside and beheld the walls and floor and the whole extent of the destruction, they were surprised indeed.

I said to them, in answer to their inquiries :

" All this is due to you ; you have removed all that was in this house, except what you now see : " and when I related all the sad circumstances to them, they expressed sincere and heartfelt sorrow.

## With the Atlanta Refugees.

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Again the time had come for me to wander, for the officers in charge of the fallen city quickly made preparations to send its inhabitants elsewhere. General Sherman chartered a train to carry the refugees away, and when it rolled in we all hastened to get aboard. Soon after we started a trainload of Yankee soldiers passed by us and began singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Hurrah, Hurrah! For the homespun Dresses, Hurrah!" I fancied that they looked at me when they sang this song, and I felt very uncomfortable, for I was like the snail in that all that I possessed was on my back; and, although my dress had been very expensive, it was then soiled and looked, as did the garments of all the other refugees, exceedingly cheap and poor.

I had been very unfortunate about my personal belongings, for when I went to Atlanta my trunks went astray, and I never saw them, or any of their contents, again. At the beginning of the siege everything had gone up in price, but I had been able to buy a pair of shoes and a dress, the dress being of "store cotton," a common checked goods, but costing seventy-five dollars in Confederate money, while the shoes cost as much more. The latest fashion for ladies' dresses in Atlanta at this time was the "Confederate uniform," so my costume was made up in military style.

We were now going we knew not where, only that it was away from the Confederacy. We found, however,

that our destination was Cincinnati, where there was a temporary abiding place established, called the "Refugees' Home," for those who were banished from their own homes and country. Into this place we were taken immediately upon our arrival in the city; but, finding it not suitable for any one to remain in, I left it, after passing one night there, and determined to seek other quarters.

Having no money and no friends I was quite at a loss what to do, but secured a good breakfast through the kindness of the proprietor of one of the fine hotels, to whom I told my story. After this I had more courage, and set about trying to find some one who would help me to obtain shelter; but I found this a difficult task at first, since the majority of people whom I met looked upon all the refugees as traitors, and it seemed necessary only to say that one was from the South in order to be judged wickedly.

At last, however, I was directed to call upon a Mrs. Flynn, the wife of Judge Flynn, who was a woman prominent as an orator, and was also a "Copperhead," as rebel sympathizers were called. When I told this lady my story she welcomed me into her home until such a time as I could help myself, and then took me out with her, promenading the streets of the city, showing me to the people and making speeches in my behalf. She would have me come forward at each place where she spoke and put out my foot to exhibit my shoes, and tell the price of them and the soiled Confederate uniform dress which I wore. Every possible kindness was bestowed upon me as I was taken around and shown to the people.

I was advised to call upon a Mr. Bartlett, who kept the Union Commissary store, which was established for the assistance of the widows and orphans of Union soldiers, and not for Confederates or refugees from Atlanta. He bade me be seated, and then asked : "What can I do for you?"

"Anything," I answered.

"Where are you from? Atlanta?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Were you in the bombardment? I read a report of the siege yesterday."

I handed him the New York "Tribune," which contained an account of the Warner family calamity, and he said :

"Are you the lady spoken of in that report?"

I told him that I was, and his next words were :

"What do you need? This place is for Union soldiers' widows and orphans, but you can have anything you want in dry goods or groceries. What are you most in need of?"

"All that I own," I replied, "I am now wearing, and I will gladly take anything that you will give me."

And then I told him that I had been to Mrs. Judge Flynn, a Copperhead, and that she had given me some shoes; and I told him also how I had been banished from my home and lost all my belongings of every kind, and all that had happened to me during the past months of unrest and suffering. When I told him that I had been sent to the Refugees' Home, but had left it, he said that I was quite right in doing so, for it was not a fit place to live in.

This kind gentleman supplied my every present need, and I sincerely rejoiced over the finding of such a true friend in my adversity. I was afterwards seen by a man buying goods in the store on Mr. Bartlett's check, and he said : " I will report him and have him turned out of office for assisting that woman from Atlanta." Such was the unkind spirit of this poor sinner who knew nothing about me, save that I had come from that southern city, and therefore supposed me to be a secessionist.

I now took a small room for myself and son, where I spent the winter, with the assistance of the Union Christian Commission, and remained quietly until spring opened with new prospects, as on April 14, 1865, we celebrated the restoration of the old flag over all the land.

The two great chieftains, General Lee, of the Confederate army, and General Grant, of the Union forces, had met, and the ceremony of absolute surrender had been accomplished. Many bereaved and broken hearts revived with the hope of the reunion of North and South in the bonds of peace and brotherly love, and there was great rejoicing.

On the next day, April 15, however, all the joy was turned into mourning, for word came that the President, Abraham Lincoln, had been assassinated in a theater in Washington on the previous evening. Great excitement prevailed all over the nation as soon as this awful fact became known, and it was a time for us who were from the South to hold our peace, for we were all looked upon as desperadoes by those who judged wrongfully. I crossed the river and went to Covington, Kentucky, on



this day, not because I was precisely afraid of harm coming to me, but because it seemed better to be out of the city during such a time of grief and anger.

The way now opened to send the refugees back to their homes, and with my little boy I was soon on my way to the South. I first went to Nashville, then to Dalton, Georgia, where I was most cordially welcomed and treated with a kindness which I have never forgotten. I stayed there, however, but a short time, returning to my mother in Dalton, where she was watching her little home and taking care of the sick and wounded. She had passed through many dangers and narrow escapes during our separation, but had been mercifully spared, and I was again blessed by the happiness of her loving presence, and the delight of once more feeling myself within the walls of a real home.

Though those days are long since passed, these recollections are dear to my memory, and I think both with joy and sorrow how everything has changed since that fateful July, 1863, when I was banished from home to endure exile among strangers. Eternity alone can tell the true and complete history of that cruel war of which I have here related only my own hard experience.

Now this cruel war is over,  
And the people all sent home,  
Rejoice and sing the anthems,  
No more do we have to roam !  
Glory, glory, hallelujah !  
We're returning to our home.

## My Claim Against the Government.

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At the close of the war the desolation in the South was appalling, and a general appeal was sent forth for help. Everything had been laid in ruins, and thousands of people had been stripped of all that they owned. In this extremity the very people against whom we had fought—our supposed enemies—raised millions of dollars to provide food and clothing and other necessities to help and comfort those whom they had conquered.

Nearly every one in the South had to begin life anew, and put forth every possible exertion in the endeavor to recover from the deplorable condition in which the war had left them. Thousands were homeless and utterly destitute, without anything whatever by means of which to support life. The suffering of that time, however, makes too sad a picture to dwell upon. Most bravely our Southern brethren fought to maintain what they claimed was right. No people could have been more faithful and devoted ; but God willed otherwise and their efforts came to naught. Let us be thankful that those days of dissension and consequent misery are over forever.

Divided we fall, united we stand ;  
Unconquered forever, while hand clasps  
in hand.

God is right ; right is right ;  
And the day right must win.  
To doubt is disloyal.  
To falter is sin.

Not long after my return to the South I was sent to

my home in middle Tennessee, and when I arrived there I knew not the spot where my house had stood, except by a little heap of earth where the chimney had been. It had been razed to the ground, and had utterly disappeared. I made out a claim for the loss of my property, and was given transportation to Washington City, where I was obliged to go to present it to the proper authorities.

Taking my papers to the Quartermaster General, and stating my business, I was received with great kindness; sent to one of the best hotels in the city, and all my expenses, such as hotel bills, street car fare, etc., were paid by the Quartermaster General himself.

After my visit to this official I took my papers to Andrew Johnson, who was then President, and was one who loved his country and its whole people. I remembered him as a tailor in Greenville, the home of my early childhood, for he used to dress my doll for me in the tailor shop there, when I was a little girl seven or eight years of age. He was not ashamed of his humble friends, but retained pleasant memories of those early days, and received me most kindly. He personally examined all my papers and afterwards gave me transportation to Boston, where I had made up my mind to go after leaving my claim in charge of the Quartermaster General, in order to visit the headquarters of the Christian Relief clothing house and secure something to wear.

On my arrival in Boston I was cordially received and well cared for, and, after I made myself fully known, I was taken to a house that was filled with the best kind

of clothing, which had been made for the distressed people of the South. The persons in charge told me to select for myself, and allowed me to pack a large trunk full for myself, and also to take some for my mother. I can never forget their goodness, and how freely they bestowed their much needed and gratefully received charity upon me. Glad indeed it made my mother when I related the story of my travels to her, and, opening my trunk, showed her the clothing of various materials and qualities, all finished and ready to wear, which those kind people had sent to her. This dear woman, beloved by all who knew her, fell asleep in Jesus at the age of eighty-six.

#### A VISION OF MY MOTHER.

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The memory of my mother's face  
The years have never dimmed,  
It seems to me a fairer one  
Than artist ever limned.  
O, mother, though long years have fled  
Since we two last did part,  
I cannot feel that you are dead—  
You still live in my heart.



## Wandering Again.

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As my claim was not paid for two years, and I had no other property whatever, I found myself again dependent on the hospitality of others ; and, soon after my return from the East I took my son and went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where I remained for some months with a sister (Mrs. A. H. Honeycutt), who lived there. While here I was again enabled to enter into the perfect enjoyment of the privilege of divine worship. During my many trials and travels to and fro, the precious religion of Christ had seemingly been crowded away from its rightful place in my life by the overpowering rush of events, which had well nigh overwhelmed me. But here in Hot Springs there were two or three little churches, and they were well attended. I cannot express how fully I appreciated the opportunity, which was now again mine, of entering a house of prayer and listening to a sermon preached by an earnest and devout minister, who seemed to know just what my starved heart was longing for. Surrounded here by Christian friends, I felt more assured than ever that the Lord Himself had led me through all my devious ways, and that His kindness was ever round about me, though at times I had not realized it. The saddest part of my life came when I was obliged to say farewell to those who made my stay in this little town so blessed to me.

“ When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.”

When my time was up at Hot Springs I joined an emigrant train consisting of thirty persons, who were bound for Western Texas. They were well equipped with teams and everything necessary for camp life, and I was given a fine horse and saddle, and rode in front, acting as forager for the company. Our lodgings were tents, and we were all well armed that we might be able to repel possible attacks from savages. Every man was a forester and accustomed to the woods, and we had the best the forests afforded. When noon came I turned my steed out to graze, while I took my lunch of wild fruits upon the grass. My health was excellent, and my life was like a pleasant dream, for I was well satisfied with my lot, and the trip was most enjoyable. Even here, however, I felt lonely and friendless at times, for I realized that I was homeless, and that this journey, pleasant as it was, was but a brief respite from my many cares.

The end of my trip was San Antonio, Texas, for I wished to visit the then widow of my brother-in-law, Thomas Buchanan ; therefore I here parted from the rest of the company, who were going further West.

After staying with my widowed relative for awhile I went to Galveston, thence by steamer to New Orleans ; then went again to Hot Springs, and from there to Knoxville. Here I found a notice awaiting me in the Post Office that, after the two years, my claim had been allowed in Washington. I accepted this good news as from the hand of the Lord, who is the author and giver of every blessing, and was sincerely thankful, for the money was very welcome at that time.

## Across the Continent.

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In the year 1849 I first heard of California. I was then twenty years old and staying at the home of my parents. The fame of this glorious Western State for wealth and fruitfulness had gone forth throughout the world, and I then resolved at some time in the future to make California my home. I even repeated the name, which was quite new to me, in order to make it familiar and keep it in my memory. That the Lord in His own way directs the footsteps of all His children, will be seen plainly by those who read this history, and learn how my resolve was later carried out.

I read from time to time after this of the cruel attacks of the Indians upon the emigrants while crossing the plains, and began after awhile to think it doubtful if I should ever see the State that held so great an attraction for me. In September, 1874, however, the Lord opened the way for me to make the change, and realize the desire that had for twenty-five years been planted in my heart. I had at that time some money remaining from the amount of my claim for the destruction of my house during the war, and I determined to go with my son, who was then fifteen years old, to the Golden State.

By this time the overland railroad had been completed, and the once perilous journey was one of comfort and pleasure. But, as I looked out on the vast plains, I saw no human beings but the Indians, living in their wild and natural state, and I felt as though I was going out of the

land of civilization entirely. My heart began to fail me, and I wondered if I should find myself in a wild and uninhabitable country at the end of my trip. My fears vanished, however, as we went further on, and I saw the wonderful works of nature—the great mountain ranges with their snow-capped peaks and rocky heights, and the noble trees and beautiful valleys in the depths below. Nature, through her beauty and grandeur, spoke to me in a thousand tongues.

Ogden, Utah, was at that time quite a small place, but its people seemed very business-like and ambitious. We stopped there twenty minutes for dinner, and then resumed our journey on the Central Pacific Railroad, arriving safely at Sacramento, the capital of California. Here we went to a hotel for rest and refreshment, and for the first time to take a view of a California city. We remained here for a few days, then went by boat to San Francisco, reaching there in the latter part of September, and putting up at the American Exchange Hotel, on Sansome street, where we remained for a short time.

I was delighted with San Francisco, as I have ever been since. It seemed, when I at last arrived there, as though a sudden light had broken upon me and I had passed out from an old world into a new. The city was full of life and enterprise, and its busy streets were filled with people from every nation and clime. Everything seemed to run smoothly and prosperously. I looked out upon the Pacific Ocean and saw a picture of beauty in the blue expanse, bearing upon its bosom ships from all parts of the world.

It was interesting to see the old pioneers who, in the



early days, had risked their lives to come to this new country and establish the civilization of the East; but it was more interesting even to hear them tell the story of their journey across the plains, their dangers and their hardships.

But few remain now of those grand and patriotic men who planted civilization on this shore, and opened the way for the thousands who were to follow them, but let us never forget how much we owe to them for their bravery and their indomitable will in overcoming difficulties. Let their names be revered, and their memories held sacred; for, through their instrumentality, a land once inhabited only by wild beasts and savages is now filled with cities, and is the home of an aspiring and progressive people. As we think of these men who have now passed on to their reward, after accomplishing so much, let us who remain live in the assurance of the hope that we shall meet them hereafter face to face.

Providence has been kind to these California people and given them great wealth, with which they are truly generous. When sickness, or famine, or other great misfortune has overtaken other parts of our country, or other nations, they have always responded most freely to every call for help; and "the stranger that is within their gates," if suffering from adversity, has only to make his condition known to receive help and comfort in most lavish measure.

In a few years San Francisco, once a straggling village, has grown to be a mighty city, and her fame has reached the uttermost parts of the world, while, like other great cities, it is by no means free from different

forms of vice ; and among its inhabitants there are not a few who have become victims of dissipation. While crimes are committed here, as elsewhere, and people who violate the laws of God and man die in their iniquity, yet our beautiful city is a place to be ever proud of, and has been mercifully sustained and preserved by the hand of a kind and beneficent Providence from the time of its founding on the shores of our magnificent bay.

But to return to my story : My son had been in feeble health for some time before I came to this coast, and was still ill when we arrived here, and I should have been in great trouble had it not been for the good will manifested by others. Although I was a complete stranger to the people here, I was never allowed to suffer for anything. My means were about exhausted, but I was readily assisted in paying our room rent and board bills, and helped to employment. I was familiar with tailor work before I came West, but found that I could not compete with those already established, even to the extent of running a repair shop ; other ways, however, were found for me in which to earn a living for myself and son, and I now look back gratefully upon all the proofs of Christian charity that I received when I was here, an utter stranger, and felt that I had not a friend in the world, only as a kind Providence raised one up for me in time of need. All these deeds of kindness I received as coming from the hands of the Lord.

After staying at the American Exchange for awhile I took a room in the Morton House, then kept by Mr. Graham, where my son and I remained until spring, being very well treated by both the proprietor and his wife.

My son still continued to be in ill health, and we were advised to go to Oakland for his benefit, as it seemed impossible for him to recover from his persistent chills and fever here. When the time came for me to make the change I had no money to pay our bills at the hotel, and the generous people of the city paid everything that we owed, and supplied our every need, seeing that we lacked nothing. Such kindnesses are indeed ever precious memories.



## My Sanctification.

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Soon after my arrival in San Francisco an angel messenger sent of God came to speak to me, and this messenger was a power in the hand of the Lord in leading me to seek and accept Christ as my sanctifier and complete Saviour. It was twenty-five years between my experiences of justification and sanctification, and I believe that the Lord sent me to California to complete the work of grace in me. It is customary with some scoffers to call San Francisco a "Godless city," and such an one said to me once, when I made this assertion: "Well, you came to a queer country to be saved by divine grace."

That may be true, but nevertheless "God moves in a mysterious way" to save His wandering children, and I never found a better place in the world to get complete with Christ than is this very San Francisco. Our Saviour has stooped low enough in this city to lift up thousands of sinners out of the miry clay and the horrible pit and bring them straight to the fold of God, therefore I think that this place ought to be good enough for any one to seek salvation in; and I want to invite all who have never sought or found Him to come here, for He is surely with those who love Him—here, as elsewhere.

About two years and a-half after my arrival in California I was sent out by the Rev. John B. Hill, of the Methodist Book Depository, as Bible agent, and first went to Watsonville, where I stopped at the home of the Rev.

Mr. Wickes, pastor of the Methodist Church in that town. On the day after I reached Watsonville a great grief came to me, for I saw in the San Francisco "Chronicle" that my son, through a misstep, had been thrown under the cars at Seventh street and Broadway, in Oakland, and had been so badly injured that he survived but a short time, dying July 25, 1876.

I had been very zealous for the Lord before this, and had been walking in perfect love; but now I felt that I had grieved Him and that the light of His countenance was withdrawn from me. Pride and vanity had come into my heart, and I shut myself up in solitude and took my burden to Him. This lasted two or three days, but as I came to Him in prayer I received my answer through an inner voice. I had made an idol of my child, and the Lord said: "Will you give him up to Me?"

When I could at last say: "Yes, Lord, take him," the burden rolled away, and the Lord healed my broken heart.

One year from the date of my son's death I was united in marriage—my first husband having died in Nashville, Tennessee, two years after the close of the war—to P. H. Molineux, in San Francisco, but my married life with him only lasted for nine years, as he died November 8th, 1886. Both of my husbands served as soldiers in the Union army.



## Called to Preach.

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In the year 1887, after passing through the experiences which I have narrated, I was called by the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel of Christ. I obeyed the voice and went out, as did Abraham, not knowing whither I was going. The Lord, who says : "The silver is mine, the gold is mine," showed me how to travel with a valise instead of a trunk ; He showed me what impediments such things were to me, and how, if I laid these burdens aside, He would supply all my needs, both physical and spiritual. I obeyed Him, and sent all my clothing, except a change of garments, to the poor, and thenceforth I found that His promise was fulfilled, and that I lacked for nothing. He showed me, moreover, how to lay all my burdens down ; that I was redeemed ; and that I must hereafter live a life separate from the world. I then had a light heart, and was filled with a feeling of perfect rest and peace, and a blessed assurance which the world can neither give nor take away.

Soon after I was restored to the joy of His salvation, and felt that I was called to speak in public for the Lord, I was endued with great power to this end. I had then been in California twelve years, and, deciding to visit the East for a change and to see my relatives, I went to my sister, Mrs. Honeycutt, in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Winter set in soon after my arrival, and the deep snow and freezing weather kept me so imprisoned indoors that

I saw but few of my friends until spring, when a revival, conducted by Harry May and other evangelists, opened in the Methodist Church.

People came from every direction to these services, and the church was filled at every meeting. I was one of the chief workers, and as, while attending these meetings and working among these penitents, I was accustomed to wear a light-colored duster, which I had worn on my journey, I finally became known as the "White Cloak Evangelist," many thinking that I came with the other evangelists.

I was at this time a living witness for Christ. I was free as the water that rippled down the brook, and the Lord used me in these meetings for the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of nominal professors. Soon the mighty power of the Holy Ghost came down upon the people, and, the little church being too small to hold them, a tent was put up in the center of the town and the services held therein. The meetings were sometimes continued until midnight, and the shouts of triumph and victory rang in my ears day and night for a month. Hundreds came to the tabernacle, and multitudes of souls were brought to Christ. The Holy Ghost swept along in waves of glory, and we earnest ones drank freely from the fountain of life.

Some rejoiced, and some did weep ;  
While others laughed, or fell asleep.

One evening Brother Withers, the pastor of the Methodist Church, turned to the congregation and said : "I am sixty years old, and I never saw anything like this before."

He then came down to the platform and said to me ;

“ You are happy all the time, are you not ? ”

“ Yes,” I said, “ I am happy all the time.”

As I was one of the principal workers I always stayed until the close of the service, and then would go alone through the unlighted streets to my room, which was nearly a mile distant. I was filled with grace and glory, and my health was so renewed that the loss of sleep did not affect me. This proves that when the Lord chooses one to do His work He fits and prepares that one in body, as well as in soul and spirit, for His special use and service.

After the close of the tabernacle meetings I one day received a call from the Rev. Mr. Newell, founder and pastor of the Methodist Church in South Hot Springs, who has since passed away. He had seen me at the meetings, and we were somewhat acquainted ; nevertheless I was surprised when, after saying that it had been twenty years since he had lost his companion, he asked me to become his wife. He also said that he had a house and lot which he would gladly give me. I, however, declined both his offers, telling him that I intended returning to California soon, being in Hot Springs only on a visit, and neither desired to marry nor to encumber myself with property.

Soon after this I did return to California, remaining there until 1892. Most of the time subsequent to 1875, I, while in California, canvassed for books during the day and worked in gospel meetings at night, and the Lord blessed me in whatever I laid my hands to. Christ sent out his disciples to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and He told me, as He told them, to provide neither gold



or silver, as the workman is worthy of his meat. The following texts gave me assurance that my course in this respect was the right one :

“ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, . . . for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.”

“ No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

“ Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel. What is my reward then? Verily that when I preach the gospel I may make the gospel of Christ without charge, that I abuse not my power in the gospel. Not seeking my own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved.”

And again : “ Buy the truth and sell it not.”

Truth like a girdle let us wear,  
And always keep it bright and fair.  
And let it ne'er be thought or told  
That Truth by us was ever sold.



## Hot Springs Revisited.

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In 1892 I was again led to visit Hot Springs. Although San Francisco was more like home to me than any place in the world, I left the matter of my journey in the hands of Providence, believing, as ever, that He would direct me aright. I felt firmly established in grace, and realized that there was no power that could sweep me from the Solid Rock upon which my faith now rested.

Arriving at Hot Springs I remained there some months, stopping at the house of my sister, Mrs. Lanier. Hot Springs is a beautiful place, lying in a valley between the Ozark mountains, and I often resorted to the quiet hills to enjoy the cooling breezes and experience the healthful stimulus of the pure and bracing air. We need the lessons that Nature in its beauty teaches ; we need to visit those peaceful solitudes which soothe the fevered pulses ; for nature's spirit and nature's mysteries lead the thinking mind to God, who holds all things obedient to His will.

One day, while climbing up the rugged side of a rocky wall, half-way to the summit, I found a large perpendicular rock standing like a sentinel guarding a sacred place, and later I took some tools up there with me, and made a little shelter, or booth, by the side of this great stone. The place was so quiet, and the scenery so beautiful and inspiring, that I loved to go there for meditation and communion with God. Here, to this mountain retreat, I

brought my Bible and other Christian literature. My chair and stand were rocks; my awning the green branches of the oak trees; and my carpet the autumn leaves. When I completed my work and looked upon the walls of my rustic study, I thought long and earnestly of God and His mighty works, and, surveying the glorious prospect, realized as never before how small a speck was I, and such as I, on the bosom of the great ocean of life.

As I looked on the scene below,  
And saw the sparkling waters flow,  
And heard the birds' sweet melodies  
Sounding so clearly 'mid the trees,  
I sat me down beneath the shade  
And thought of Him, who all this made.

The church-bells' distant, solemn sound,  
Spoke of the peace by Christian found.  
Like mountain streams that freely run,  
God's grace extends from sun to sun—  
To sanctify and save the soul  
As long as heaven's planets roll.

I had left California with some regrets, thinking that perhaps I should never return; but, as the months rolled away, the longing to go back became stronger and stronger, and I felt that I had never before fully appreciated my Western home. I had many calls to hold meetings in private families, but I devoted myself mostly to the care of the sick, and to ministrations to the dying. Some of my patients who were brought to Christ through my instrumentality passed away into glory in full triumph and victory. My brother-in-law, Mr. Lanier, I found in the last stage of consumption, and I assisted in taking

care of him up to the time of his death. He was among the first settlers of Hot Springs, a Mason of high degree, and a most charitable man, being of great help and comfort to the poor and needy.

I now made up my mind to go out into the world as a traveling evangelist. I was at this time stopping with a dear friend, and, when I told her of my decision she burst into tears and said : " I cannot see you start off in this way, perhaps to suffer and die ! You will never return again ! "

I told her that it seemed best for me to go, but that, with the help of a kind Providence, I would surely come back. She said : " My doors will be open night and day for you at all times ; my house is always free to you. "

I realized, from the many and varied experiences that I had already passed through, all the dangers and tribulations that might attend my pathway, but I knew that I was in the hands of God, and if I fell in a distant land—in lone desert or on the mountain top, and the place of my final rest was forever unmarked—that it mattered nothing so that I fell at my post. Therefore after comforting my weeping friend as best I could, I took my departure.

" I never clasp a friendly hand  
In greeting or farewell,  
But thoughts of my eternal home  
Within my bosom swell. "

## My Evangelistic Work.

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I decided first to go to Sulphur Springs, which is a very beautiful and romantic watering place, with charming surroundings, situated on the line of the Little Rock Railroad, about three miles from Hot Springs. When I arrived there I introduced myself to Mr. Woodcock, the proprietor of the hotel, who remembered me well, having seen me at the revival meetings at Hot Springs, and he received me with much courtesy. I told him that I was about to take up the work of preaching the gospel, and inquired where the church was. He said that they were building a new one some distance from the hotel, but continued : " We have a parlor upstairs that you can have to hold your meetings in."

Being given this opportunity I concluded, notwithstanding my great need of rest, to begin my work at once, and I accepted his kind offer with thanks. Notice was given out immediately, and at eight o'clock I was taken to the parlor, which was a large room, beautifully furnished and well-lighted by chandeliers. It was soon filled with both men and women, quite a number of them being strangers from different parts of the Union who were temporarily stopping at the Springs. I stood at a table under one of the chandeliers, and read from Revelations xxii, and we sang together from the hymn book, " Joy and Gladness." At the close of the meeting I was congratulated by many, who told me of the benefit which they

had received from the services, and one lady voluntarily took up a collection and brought it to me, saying simply : " We thought we would make you a little purse."

I went back to Hot Springs a little later, holding meetings there in private houses. There was a great deal of wickedness in that city at the time, and the judgment of God, who is the rebuker of sin, fell upon it, and there was much distress there on account of drought and epidemics for nearly two years. There was sickness, suffering, loss of life, and untold grief and sorrow to such a degree that the place after a time became almost deserted.

The Bible says : " Woe unto the world because of offenses. For it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. For the Son of Man is come to save that which is lost."

I mention these unpleasing things to show that God fulfils His word, and because the world should know what Satan can do and what he has done. The evil should be known as well as the good, that it may be a warning to all.

In the middle of the summer of 1894 I left Hot Springs for San Francisco, holding meetings on the way in Dallas, Texas, and other towns. I held meetings in prisons, missions, and with the Salvation Army, returning to San Francisco over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and staying in that city a few weeks, starting out again on September 9th, 1894, to engage in gospel work in the western districts. I held meetings on this trip in court houses, school houses, concert halls, prisons, missions, and on the public streets, sometimes conducting the services entirely alone, and sometimes having the help of other evangelists.

The first meeting that I held indoors was at Carson City, Nevada, where the meeting was advertised as follows :

“Mrs. Emily Molineaux, of San Francisco, the traveling evangelist, will deliver a gospel lecture this evening at 7:30 o'clock in the District Court-room. The lecture is not sectarian, but is an earnest Christian talk. Mrs. Molineaux is a widow, entirely alone in the world, and devotes her time to the dispensation of the gospel.”

At 7:30 I was met by one of the officials and conducted to the hall, where he asked me to occupy the judge's seat, but I said that the floor would do just as well for me. A gentleman connected with the Carson City “News” introduced me to the audience, and I told them about Jesus, speaking as the spirit gave me utterance, for He says : “Open your mouth and I will fill it.” “It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you.” He is the word in the mouth, as well as the word in the heart, and when the word came to me life came through the spirit of the word, and that life was Christ. We concluded the meeting by singing :

“God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsel guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you ;  
God be with you till we meet again.”

And after the close of the services we exchanged the right hand of friendship, of fellowship, and fraternal love.

I also held an indoors meeting in Terrace, Nevada. This was in the pleasant month of September, when it was just beginning to turn cold. When I arrived in this town I found that the people seemed deeply interested in

me and my work, and were glad to learn that I was traveling for the dispensation of the gospel of Christ out there in the wilderness. I was directed to call on the teacher in the school house and I did so, announcing to him my calling. So free and open was the Christian friendship that he extended to me, with all the courtesy and refinement of a true gentleman, that I felt really at home in this strange place at once. This gentleman said that I could have the school house for my meeting that evening, and that he would publish the fact by sending one of the boys around to ring a bell from house to house.

When I arrived at the school house that night the teacher's room had been nicely warmed up for me, and I had a good audience. I was suffering from a cold, and my voice was nearly gone, so I requested some one to lead the singing, and soon had a complete choir organized. I did the best I could, under the circumstances, and pointed my hearers to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I was most happily surprised to find so many hospitable Christian people in this little town, who treated me as if I had been born among them.

After this I held meetings in every prominent town as I journeyed eastward, and even out in the deserts, where they could not get a regular preacher. My work was not without opposition and difficulties, but if I had not met with these my experience would not have been in the apostolic order, nor in accordance with the word of God. Though I felt sometimes as did the Jews when they were in exile by the rivers of Babylon, and said : "There we sat down ; yea, we wept ;" and it seemed now and then as if my little bark had drifted upon some lone island



where I should be left to die. I kept strong in my faith and courage, remembering that the word says : " Before all these things they shall lay their hands on you and persecute you, delivering you up to prisons ; and ye shall be betrayed both by parents and brethren and kinfolks ; and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. And every one that has forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

And Jesus said unto him, " Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Notwithstanding many trials and hardships, I received many kindnesses from the officials and authorities wherever I held my meetings, and shall always feel that this more than compensated for the difficulties which I was forced to overcome. As I think of the many good and generous people whom I met during my travels, I feel like saying :

" Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love,  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."



## In Denver, Colorado.

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When I arrived at this place I was given the address of Mrs. Moore, matron of the Hay Market Haven, at No. 1148 Broadway. This was a home occupied by missionaries, and devoted to special evangelistic work, and I was cordially welcomed to it by Mrs. A. C. Peck, its President. By this time it was cold weather and snow had begun to fall, but I attended outside meetings, as well as taking part in the Christian work of the Home. My main teaching was Christian perfection and true holiness to the Lord, and I had many calls to deliver my message to interested persons. Various opinions were formed of me in regard to my religious views, many being afraid of my kind of teaching, but the people in general were always glad to listen to me.

The first night when I was called to the platform by Mr. Peck, preacher in charge, I felt as free as a bird of the air. The people had read the notice outside announcing that I was to speak, and the large hall was well filled, the larger class being holiness and free people, who were specially interested in hearing what I had to say. I expounded the Word, quoting different Bible passages, and drawing a straight line between sanctification and justification. It all came as spontaneously to me as the air we breathe, for there is no interpreter of the divine Word like the Holy Ghost dwelling in the heart. I spake as the words were placed in my mouth, the Spirit giving

me power to utter the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, according to II Samuel xxiii : 2, "The spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue." I showed what sanctification is, and what is required in order to obtain it, and when I came down from the platform the people thronged around me with friendly greetings, many giving me their addresses, and asking me to hold meetings in their dwellings.

In the spring the Home had to be given up, and the place was turned into an industrial school. I had lived there then for five months, spending many happy days with its inmates, and finding it truly a haven of rest ; but, sincerely as my heart went out in love for the matron and her daughter, who was a model of grace and purity—and much as I had enjoyed the companionship of the other inmates—we were all obliged to part, as the missionaries, as well as the aged who had found shelter beneath its roof, were compelled to find shelter and fields of labor elsewhere.

The last morning at the Home we were all called early for our parting worship, and we gave each other verses of Scripture as love tokens. One of Mrs. Moore's daughters had her own home in Denver, but the other went with her mother, and I wanted much to accompany them, for I loved them dearly, and they were willing to take me, but this was not to be, as I was called in a different direction. I addressed the following farewell letter to Mrs. Moore :

"As you are now taking your leave of Denver, the Queen City of the plains, to go to Toronto, Canada, my spirit goes out to you in these parting words, prompted by the farewell of mother and daughter :

“ And Ruth said : ‘ Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest I will go ; and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.’ ”—Ruth i : 16-17.

Mrs. Moore wrote for me the following message : “ Our Father’s promise to dear Sister Molineaux, Denver, May 16, 1895 : ‘ Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season.’ ”—Job v: 2-6.

CARRIE MOORE.”



## In Kansas City and Elsewhere.

Having been sent for to go to Kansas City, to help in the gospel work there, I accepted the call. The Humboldt river had overflowed its banks and was almost impassable by rail, but we finally got across it without harm, and when I reached the city I was directed to the Young Women's Christian Association, where I introduced myself to the matron, and told her my calling. I was given a very neat and comfortable room here, and found that there were about eighty young women in the house, besides a few middle-aged ladies, and that everything about the establishment was in excellent order and well kept.

I remained over a month in this institution, working in different parts of the city, attending a good many meetings in a room in the Hansen block, which was formerly occupied as a gambling place, meeting in midnight rescue work, and also taking part in meetings in the prisons, as well as those held in tents and on the streets.

In this city there was a converted policeman whom we found a good counselor, both in temporal and spiritual matters, and we were very glad to have on the beat an officer representing Christ. He attended our meetings, and we were always pleased to have him with us. May God bless him, and send many Christian policemen to work in His vineyard, is my prayer.

The young women who lived at the Association wanted

to hear me speak ; but, as there was no room in the Hansen block large enough to hold such a number as wished to come to this meeting, I was advised to apply to Dr. Mitchell, the preacher in charge of the M. E. Church, and ask him for the use of a room in that building. When I called at his study and preferred my request, he asked :

“ To what church do you belong ? ”

“ To the Methodist Church,” I answered.

“ And you are preaching ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Who sent you ? That is against our discipline.”

“ God sent me.”

“ We don't send women to preach ; we send them out to lecture,” he then said.

And I answered : “ There are a great many out in the field.”

He said, “ I have calls of this kind regularly ; if I should admit all that call, I would have to give up my pulpit.”

I said, “ A back room will do for me.”

He said, “ I cannot let you have a room, for if I gave up to one I would have to give up to all.”

My errand to this minister proved fruitless, for, as I have said, he would not allow me to have even the use of a back room, declaring that he had calls of the kind so frequently that if he should accede to all he would have to give up his very pulpit, and that he could not make an exception on my behalf, since that would make a precedent that he would be obliged to follow with others ; so I was forced to give up the idea of the special meeting.

Was there any Christian charity in such a refusal to allow me to give a talk to the young girls of Kansas City, Kansas ? I do not wish to judge this man, or any one else. May God bless him and save his soul, is my prayer.

## My Return to San Francisco.

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I held meetings in several places in Missouri besides Kansas City, but while in this place I definitely made up my mind to again return to my loved San Francisco, though it took me three months from that time to reach there. I first went to Denver, Colorado, remaining for a short time in the Old Ladies' Home there, which was run by a Mrs. Gordon, who, with the other residents of the house, made me very welcome. I secured a ticket from the General Superintendent of the railroad, which would take me as far as Ogden, refusing the offer of my friends at the Home to arrange for my fare through to California, as I was sure that I could manage that myself from that place. When I arrived in Ogden, however, I found that the railroad had made some new rules, and I was refused a ticket for the remainder of the way because I was not endorsed by the general Bishop; and, not being a freeholder, I was detained in that city for over a month, during which time I took a position in the Lincoln House, where I received excellent treatment from Mrs. Wright, my employer.

In order to proceed westward I later sold everything of which I was possessed, except one change of garments, and the amount received from this sale, together with what I had earned, made sufficient to carry me to San Francisco. Before I reached that place, however, I certainly realized something of the feelings of the man

who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves ; and I learned also the true worth of the Good Samaritan.

Stopping at Battle Mountain, Nevada, I went to the hotel, and, meeting the lady in charge, asked her if I could get a place in which to hold a meeting that night. She happily surprised me by saying : " You are at home here, for we are Californians. You shall have a place to preach, and money shall be raised for you." She then took me with her into the dining hall and sat down with me at a table spread with everything that heart could wish. After dinner she showed me to a room, and told me that I was free to make myself at home there, but at the same time she advised me to visit a house near by, saying : " Go over there and see the missionary of this place ; then you can come back here, or stay over there, just as you choose."

I went over and introduced myself to the missionary, asking her to assist me in securing a room where I could hold a meeting that night. She took me into a neat little apartment, and asked me to lay off my things, saying : " Don't you feel very tired ?"

I answered that I had not slept much the night before, but that I must see about my meeting. She then said : " May I see you in bed first and then attend to that ?" And she was so kind that I could not refuse. As soon as I touched that bed I fell sound asleep, and nothing disturbed my rest ; I never even dreamed of my meeting.

As I had the privilege of eating there, or at the hotel, I took my breakfast with the missionary, who urged me to stay in the house and rest while she looked about for



me, and she returned soon, saying : " I have got you a ticket to San Francisco." This filled my heart with gladness, and I felt fully relieved at once. The good woman told me that the train I was to go on would soon be in, and when it arrived I parted with these new, yet well-loved friends, who cheered me on my way with the hope that we should meet again.

After the severe trials that I had passed through, I fairly wept with joy when I again set foot upon California soil, which was May 22, 1896.



## The Old Home Revisited by My Sister.

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The following is an extract from a letter written by my sister, Mrs. A. H. Lanier, after her return from a visit to Green County, Tennessee, where she went to take a farewell view of the old farm, and the scenes of our early childhood. She says :

“ I introduced myself as the grand-daughter of John McKeehan, and the oldest living child of the third generation. I rode up to the spot which is the resting place of my grandfather and grandmother—that sacred soil ! and I paid a last tribute of love to this beautiful spot, where the snowballs and roses in full bloom shade the graves of these two. So long ago it all was, and yet, as I stand here and listen to the birds as they sing over these tombs, there comes back to me the early morning of my childhood when all was joy and hope, and I look back over the lapse of fifty years to the time when these flowers and trees were first planted, and realize that many of those whom I then knew have passed away like the leaves of autumn.

“ I rode to the spot where my grandfather lived, and there was nothing remaining excepting the pile of limestone rocks that had once been the chimney. I found a piece of the pottery that mother cooked in when I was a girl, and brought it home with me ; also a piece of rock out of the chimney. Some of the same old trees are there, and still bearing fruit. I next visited Tusculum

College, situated about four and a-half miles southeast of Greenville, East Tennessee. This is the place where my father received his education, and is the first college established in East Tennessee. It is as pretty a place as I ever saw, and I brought away some slips of the flowering plants that grew in the college grounds.

"The next place I visited was the tailor shop of Andrew Johnson, where he worked when I was only ten years old. I recollected the place. He used to give us pieces of tailor scraps to make dolls. Then I saw Mrs. Patterson, a daughter of Andrew Johnson. She wrote me a note and sent me a piece of the tailor's bench on which her father worked, and invited me to come and see her, which I did. She embraced me in her arms, and kissed me in token of love to her father.

"I found one McKeehan in Greenville, of the fourth generation. I was taken around many places among the old settlers. Almost all the old families have passed away, but the old farm is kept up, and a fine brick mansion now stands where the old house stood. A. H. L."



PART II.

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My Christian Experiences.

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Religious experience is like taking a journey. We are sojourners here on earth. We have no abiding home. We are pilgrims and strangers, having no continuing city here, but seeking one to come.

With the assistance of my Divine Guide, I will endeavor to show the reader that our Saviour is a complete Saviour, and will also try to present the royal way to the attainment of His complete salvation.

There are three experiences which must be attained before we can be complete in Christ. These are : Justification, Sanctification, and Redemption. And, helped by my Heavenly Leader, Jesus, I will make plain the difference between these states, through which we must all pass before we can come into our promised Eden of inexpressible bliss and perfect rest.

## THE FIRST EXPERIENCE.

The first experience we come into, as Christians, is the new birth. Jesus said to Nicodemus : " Ye must be born again. Verily, verily, I say unto thee : Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Heaven begins on earth. It begins in the heart. When we are complete in Christ, we are in heaven. "The kingdom of God is within you."

We come into the school of Christ as pupils, and must

take him alone as our teacher, excluding all others, for Jesus says : "Learn of Me." Under this Divine Instructor we pass through three grades before our religious education is complete ; and, when we reach the third grade, we are risen with Christ, and walk in newness of life, perfect in Him.

In going through this school, though still in the world, we are separated from it, and are not of it. Many have sought heaven under ecclesiastical authority by their own good works, not discerning between the substance and the shadow, between the letter and the spirit.

Christ being Himself the eternal life, and appointed by the living God to give this life to all who are His, when you are one with Him you need take no thought for your earthly life, for all needful things will then be supplied.

"Consider the lilies of the field," how spontaneously they grow ; how, without weaving, their leaves are formed ; and how, without toil, the complex tissues of their beautiful petals are made perfect, until, as Jesus says : "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." To grow is to be free from care. "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life. \* \* \* Behold the fowls of the air."

"The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread."

All three of these grades must necessarily be reached and passed ; for it is a positive violation of the rules of even earthly schools for a student to leave any of them before his graduation. I knew a young man who did this, and his father, who was a millionaire, disinherited

him for his disobedience ; and the law of God is certainly as strict as that of man. If we turn away from Christ, who is our teacher and guide, and trust to our own self-righteousness, is there not danger that our Heavenly Father will disinherit us, and that we will fail of eternal life ? I owe all to the Lord, that I was not cut off in my sins, and numbered with the lost. I speak of this as a warning to the reader. Let us come to Christ at once, and receive our inheritance, which is a free gift. “ And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. \* \* \* And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” Jesus has purchased our inheritance for us, and we come into possession of it through obedience.

The destruction of sin is the underlying principle of all the lessons which we are taught in the Divine School of Christ ; for this world would be heaven now, if all sin were removed ; since, were it not for sin, we would all be to-day praising and glorifying our Maker, and sorrow and suffering would be no more with us. Sin, with the old flesh-nature, cherished in the bosom of our people, is the ruin of our world, and has wrapped it in a mantle of darkness that hangs over it like a pall. Let those who are interested in the salvation of the souls of men meditate on this fact profoundly. “ Make the tree good and the fruit will be good.” Our inner nature must be cleansed and purified. The vile must be separated from the pure, just as the dross is separated from the gold. “ A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.” There must, therefore, be an inward crucifixion of the natural life, the old man. We must die to self, and when we pass through this crucifixion, we die with Christ and rise with him, to find

the last enemy destroyed. "Because the carnal mind [the unregenerate nature] is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." So we are to be "crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Let us be deeply convinced of the great contrast between sin and righteousness, evil and good. Let us earnestly seek to find where we stand to-day, as a people, and what the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ really is.

If you were lost on a lonely desert and I should meet you and tell you that I knew the road that led to the city of which you were in search, and should offer to act as your guide, you would certainly most gladly accept of my services. Will you not now ? Every one who is away from God is lost in a wilderness of sin, and needs some friend to lead him out. God can lead us out of our difficulties and dangers, and he chooses human instruments to co-operate with Him in this work. I propose, by God's help, to lead you out of your lost condition—the desert's dreary waste—to the city of God : to show you the King's highway that was cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, and I shall be very happy if you will avail yourself of my offer, which is made in all kindness and sincerity.

God is holy and God is love. His word says that we are to be holy as He is holy, and love one another as He has loved us. The Word says again that we shall all be taught of the Lord, and I thankfully accept this, as I am taught alone of Him. I write only what I know to be the truth, and what I found by going down deep into the

mine of divine knowledge in company with the Lord. The deeper I went into that heavenly mine the richer I found it, and so shall we all.

The reader may now say, "I can do without this religion of which you speak." Certainly you can. If you were heir to a million dollars you might refuse to take it, and remain poor, and suffer in consequence. You could do as you might choose about it. But, it would be my duty to apprise you of your heirship, if I knew of it, and you were ignorant of the matter; and this I propose to do.

My attention was once attracted to a train of ants traveling. I stopped and watched them. There were two roads: one lay in the safe highway and the other led to a burning pit, where rubbish was being destroyed. As I beheld this multitude of living creatures seeking a refuge, where they might rest from their wearisome journey, it was a wonderful sight to see the more thoughtful of them, after a pause, turn at this cross-road into the safe path, while hundreds of others went obstinately forward into the path that led down into the burning pit.

As I looked upon these insects—the doomed and the saved—I thought: This is a fair picture of the human race, in this life. How many people start out in the world and never stop to think of the pitfalls and snares in the path before them. They do not know, nor care, whether they are on the right or the wrong road, and allow themselves to drop over into eternity, without God or hope, and are numbered with the lost.

Will you not, dear reader, take a lesson from the thoughtful ants, and, as they turned into the safe high-



way, turn into the highway of life, and take the path that will lead you to eternal happiness and lasting peace.

The first experience, of which we are speaking, is Justification—forgiveness for past sins and the removal of their guilt from the soul. We must be justified before we can be Christians, and this means that we must die to our own merits, as well as to our sins, and be born of the Spirit. Thus Regeneration is the accompaniment of Justification. The old nature, however, is only subdued in Justification : not destroyed, but kept under. It still sleeps in the bosom, and, when the soul is disturbed or crossed, it will show itself.

When I entered into this first experience, I believed that I was fully saved, complete in Christ, and that I would never be tempted to sin again ; but the enemy came that same evening and tempted me. I felt the moving of the old nature, and Satan said : “You are deceived ; you are not saved.” At the same time I knew my sins were all forgiven, and did not doubt my Saviour. So I found that this was merely a temptation of the enemy—the evil spirit—to draw me away from the Lord. It was some time before I learned about this ; then it came to me that I still had within me the fleshly nature, which must be put away by the power of God working in us.

And now the question may be asked : When should we seek Justification ? The answer is given in God's Word : “Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.” Again, when should we seek Sanctification ? Just as soon as we are born of the Spirit and have all our sins pardoned. Do not put this off, for God commands us to be holy now.

## THE SECOND EXPERIENCE.

Sanctification is the next experience, or grade. This act of God utterly destroys the old Adamic nature—the body of sin—possessing which we cannot enter fully into the rest of faith. The necessity for the destruction of the unregenerate nature is given in Gal. v : 17, where we read, “For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary, the one to the other ; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.” Or, as it might read, “are hindered from doing,” etc. I once thought that this was to keep us on our watch against the assaults of the enemy. I supposed that the carnal nature must remain with us to keep us right, and make us fear Satan. But I found, by consulting God’s Word, that this was a great mistake. We cannot enter into the full enjoyment of fellowship with God until the old man is crucified, and we are entirely saved from sin, and the tendency to sin. Our inner nature must be cleansed and purified. The pure must be separated from the vile, as the gold is from the dross. “Either make the tree good, and his fruit good ; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt : for the tree is known by his fruit.” You have been saved by justification from the guilt and penalty of sin, and now sanctification is performed, to save you from its presence and power and bondage. This is the inner work, the cleansing and purifying of the heart, which completely destroys the old carnal nature. You must now concentrate yourself, your life and your all, in the full assurance of faith on God’s altar, and believe not only that He is able and willing to sanctify you, but that *He does do it*. “He that findeth

his life shall lose it ; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Christ on the cross purchased the deliverance of all mankind from the Adamic curse. His mission was to save His people from their sins. "For if by one man's offense death reigned by one ; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ."—Rom. v : 17.

I found myself lost and ruined by the fall, under the yoke of bondage. I was revealed to myself, and found that I needed God. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." This hunger for the bread of life and thirst for the water of life was intense, but was fully satisfied in finding Christ, my Lord and my God. When I came into possession of this divine treasure I became separated from the world, and its vain joys no longer pleased me. I yielded myself to Christ, with all my earthly possessions ; a door of hope opened, and I heard the gentle voice of Jesus say : "Come, enter into eternal life, through me." When I gave myself fully to Christ, oh, what a joy came to my soul ! I knew I was redeemed. There was a perfect calm within—a delightful foretaste of heaven. Here was perfect peace and perfect rest.

And this is for you, dear reader. When you are Christ's and fully saved from sin you come into possession of eternal life, and God supplies your every need. He keeps you from evil, for you are His son. You have the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. You are to put off your own righteousness, and be clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness. You

are heaven-born and heaven-bound, a son, a daughter of the King, with the riches and the glory of the kingdom as your portion forever.

Oh, then, seek this grace at once ! It can be obtained now, for this is God's time. You need not be ten, twenty, or forty years coming to its enjoyment. Do not forfeit the birthright of all God's children. Thousands for whom Christ died may have done this, but do not you act so unwisely.

Some, on experiencing Justification and Regeneration, endeavor to obtain Sanctification by their own good works. But you cannot attain it by works or by growing into it. We "*grow in* grace," but do not grow *into* grace. We must remember that grace does not itself grow in nature's barren soil. Before grace can flourish within us, it must be planted in the heavenly soil of holiness—a holy heart—and must have the sun of righteousness shine upon it, and the divine showers of heaven to water it. No good can come from an impure heart.

I knew a family that had a number of fruit trees. Among them was a peach tree that was a favorite because it was of the choicest quality, and its fruit was, at first, most delicious. After awhile, however, the peaches which it bore became strong, bitter and disagreeable to the taste, so that no one could eat them. What was the matter with the tree ? Insects, or worms, had made inroads into the trunk and branches, and the whole tree had become spoiled. Everything possible was done to the outside of the afflicted tree to preserve its life, but its heart was decayed and unclean, and so it withered and died. So with the heart of man ; if it be not as it should be, like that tree the man will perish.

Another important fact to remember is, that this grace which is yours prepares you for the rest that remains for the people of God, and, in coming into it, you cannot take one thing with you. If the question is asked, "Do I have to part with all I have in order to come into this kingdom?" the answer must be: "You must be willing to abandon all for Christ." This is a great stumbling block in the path of many a would-be-perfect Christian, but it should not be. Is not heaven worth more to you than your earthly possessions, though they be lands, houses, gold, silver, rubies, diamonds, or your nearest and dearest friends? Would you not be willing to exchange them all for heaven? The Lord is seeking you, and not your worldly goods. It is you He calls for. This is an individual act between you and the Lord, and, if you are in earnest, your riches will be to you no more than so much chaff, even though you be a millionaire. You should gladly divest yourself of all you have and prize, and yield yourself into His hands, for you do not lose anything, but gain immensely. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" "And whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

"But," says the reader, "you draw a very straight line in this matter of religion, and I feel I cannot walk by it. I cannot be so holy."

My friend, it is easier to live a holy life than to live a sinful one; for when you are Christ's, and fully saved, you become an heir to eternal life, and God will keep you from all evil, and supply your every need.

Then reflect on these solemn truths. We are pilgrims

and sojourners here on earth as all our fathers were. Our days are but as a shadow, since our allotted time is but three score years and ten. We should realize how fleeting and transitory are all the joys which this world can give.

“As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

Dear one, your wealth and fame are perhaps great among men, here on earth, but should you appear before God without the wedding garment all your riches would not help you, for you would be speechless and ashamed before Him.

Oh, what a sad fate: to be driven away from the presence of Christ and to find one's self in the outer darkness, or in the lake of fire, with the Beast and the False Prophet! Will you go on still in your sins and neglect the salvation of your soul? Oh, come, dear soul; let me persuade you to give your heart to the Lord, who has purchased your pardon on the cross, and invites you to come to Him and be saved freely and fully.

“And the Spirit and the Bride say: Come. And let him that heareth say: Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

### THE THIRD EXPERIENCE.

The third experience through which the Christian passes, we may call complete Redemption. The Apostle Paul says: “Christ is made unto us wisdom and righteousness [or justification], sanctification and redemption.” —I Cor. i: 20. Christ is made unto us wisdom, when, through the Scriptures which testify of Him, we are

made, like Timothy, "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—II Tim., iii : 15. We are also justified through faith in Him and become partakers of His Righteousness. Through His blood we are cleansed from all sin, and so sanctified unto God. Then, through the Redemption which is in Christ Jesus, we are brought into full sympathy with Him, being crucified with Christ and raised with Him to walk in newness of life. The Apostle says : "I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Again : "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Some make Redemption to apply to the redemption of the body from the grave, and the future life, but the author thinks that it may apply to this life and be an experience in it.

My feelings when passing through this third experience—that of Redemption—were indescribable. To give you something of an idea of them, I will ask you to picture to yourself a criminal waiting for a judge to pass sentence upon him—a criminal weighed down by the knowledge of his guilt, and the certainty of direct punishment. Now picture again that criminal's emotions, should some one come in suddenly and say : "Stop ! I have paid the penalty of this man's crime ; I have given my life in place of his."

Christ has done this for us, and his love overrules justice, and redeems us poor sinners fully from the death sentence of the divine law. Can anything surpass this love ? When a man lays down his life for his friend we stand amazed at his devotion. How much more then should we be astonished when we know that Christ laid

down His life freely for us who are so vile and so undeserving ; and how ungrateful we are when we prefer the pleasures of this transitory world to the precious treasures of His divine love.

What does Redemption do for man ?

It brings him back to where he was before the fall, and places him on much higher ground. God created man in His own image, and put him in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. Man was innocent and pure as he came from the hand of his Maker, but he disobeyed God and ate of the forbidden fruit, and so lost communion with the Lord. God sent him forth from the Garden, and he was debarred from the tree of life, and from all the other blessings of that first state of perfection, through his wilful disobedience. " Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v : 12. Being thus fallen, nothing will destroy all sin and restore man to the image and likeness of his Maker but the crucifixion of self, the death of the old, sinful nature, and a resurrection to newness of life through and with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is not a physical death, nor a physical resurrection, be it understood ; but a spiritual work through our Lord, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. There must be an inward crucifixion of the natural man ; we must die to our own selfish life, pass through this death to sin, and rise with Christ, when we find the last enemy destroyed.

We come into this divine life by entering into perfect sympathy with our Saviour, so far as possible, in the



agony of the garden of Gethsemane and sufferings of the cross. You may feel as He did, that all have forsaken you, for the Spirit of God often takes from under the soul every prop on which it might lean for support, outside of Christ. Christ said : " My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." And they all forsook Him and fled.

Christ brings us again into our lost inheritance. He is our substitute. He died for us and lives again for us, that we may reign with Him in eternal life. By his sacrifice we obtain all the blessings of this eternal life here and hereafter. Oh, what a friend we have in Jesus.

I went into the sure inheritance of eternal life, as every one may go, leaning upon the arm of my Beloved. —Song of Solomon, viii : 5.

Hallelujah ! I am fully redeemed by my blessed Saviour !

" Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms ;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms !

" What have I to dread, what have I to fear ?  
Leaning on the everlasting arms ;  
I have blessed peace, with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms."

As you come into this last experience, it will seem to you as though you had awakened out of a long sleep. God's voice has awakened you out of the sleep of sin. He has said : " Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light." And you arise with Jesus. With Him you died ; with Him you arise ; with Him you sit in the heavenly places —Eph. ii : 6.

You are clothed with immortality : you are restored to the Divine image : you are entirely separated from the world of the unconverted and from the world of self : you are one with Christ.

Had I the voice of an archangel I would sound this salvation from pole to pole, even to the uttermost parts of the globe ; Christ's power to save man to the uttermost and fill him with all the fullness of God.

And so we exclaim with the Psalmist : " I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." Those who have been brought to know Christ in this experience have put off the earthly and have put on the heavenly. They cease to know Christ after the flesh, as says the Apostle, " Wherefore, henceforth know no man after the flesh ; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."—II Cor. v : 16. They can also assert with the author of Hebrews : " We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle"—the outward manifestation ; for, through the apprehension of Christ, as the quickening Spirit, they look and see what is told in Rev. xi : 19, " And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament." The veil of the earthly temple was rent in twain, and now, through the new and living way, we enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus.

The reader will probably wonder if I experienced these three states of grace as expected. No, I did not, by any means. I found them ten thousand times more wonderful than I had ever been led to expect, or than I could ever describe ; and you, dear reader, will find it the same,

when you come to experience them. You will realize the tremendous contrast between the world you have left and the world you have entered through God's grace. You will look back on the toilsome journey of your life, with its cross-bearings and its recurrent temptations, and feel thankful that you have at last risen with Christ into the new life, and that the temple of your heart is emptied, cleansed and fully purified, so as to be completely prepared for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Christ. You will feel that you are entirely separated from the evil, ungodly world of unregenerate people, and that you have been set apart, sanctified for the Master's use. You will enter the haven of rest and your eyes will see "the king in his beauty."

These deeper truths of God's word have been covered up through many ages, but are now made manifest to his children, who are discovering things new and old. The rejection of these truths to-day, throughout the world, is an appalling fact, for even among God's professed people thousands of substitutes are put in the place of Christ and His Holy Spirit. The true life of the soul—eternal life—is derived only from the Holy Spirit of Christ, for Jesus says: "Without Me [or apart from Me] ye can do nothing." No substitute can take His place in giving us happiness on earth and a share in the ineffable glory of heaven.

The soul which is purified and filled with the Spirit is always quiet and serene, and ever possessed of evenness of mind: tribulations never disturb it; nor do the inner continuous communications from God render it vain and conceited. It abides in wonderful, heavenly peace, and

is always full of hope, trust and filial reverence.

The kingdom of heaven is within you. If you have Christ you have heaven, for Christ and heaven are one. Heaven is a state of entire purity, and we do not have to die bodily to enter it. When we die to sin we are in heaven. We come into Paradise first, and this is a foretaste of heaven. Only a holy heart understands heaven or can describe it ; yet the road to heaven has been trod by so many pilgrims that you cannot miss your way if you watch for their " footprints on the sands of time," and follow them.

The first step of the road was shown to Nicodemus by Jesus, when he said : " Verily, verily. I say unto thee : Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit."—John iii : 3, 6.

The only barrier between you and heaven is your sins. If you are a sinner, will you not forsake your sins and give them up for heaven? If you will abandon your sins and become born of the Spirit, then heaven is certainly yours. To know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, this is eternal life. Oh, believe the record true and enter in.

O, priceless faith, how gently didst thou draw my soul into union with the Divine One when I longed most earnestly for true, pure love. When nothing on earth satisfied the cravings of my inner nature, faith whispered to me : " Draw near in confidence and thou shalt be made a partaker of His divine love."

I listened, and in the silent night the divine messenger brought peace to my longing heart. Since then thou

hast seemed present to me everywhere, O Holy One. I seem to behold Thee in my dreams ; I listen to the leaves as they rustle on the trees, and on each leaf I fancy I see Thy loving smile imprinted ; I hear Thy voice in the song of every bird, and the silent moonbeams reflect the calm of Thy tranquil love.

I rest in Thee. Thou encompassed my being, and the chords of my heart vibrate to Thy touch. Thou art my soul's entrancing melody, and the joy of Thy presence fills the chambers of my soul, where still lingers the light of Thy gracious countenance. Not a sunlit morn nor glimmering beam of starlight but whispers of Thee.

O, delightful recompense for my long and lonely yearning ! When with rapturous thrills of joy my soul became united to Thee, what gladness I felt ! My heart broke out in song. O, boundless, fathomless love divine : Christ is all and in all !

“ Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him : for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white : for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.”—Rev. xix : 7, 8.

God, himself, has condescended to say, speaking of those who had constituted his true people : “ I am married unto you.” And again, “ I will betroth thee unto me forever.”—Hosea, ii : 19. This marriage refers to the divine completeness of man in spirit, soul and body. God and the soul in union originates pure love, and constitutes but one and the same spirit, as the bride and the bridegroom in marriage are made one. The soul in union with God is in a state of pure love, and can exclaim :

## I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME!

“I in Thee and Thou in me ;  
Blessed, mystic unity.

Nothing have I ; all is Thine :  
I am Thine and Thou art mine.

Life and love and light I find,  
Perfectly in Thee combined.

In Thy light alone is light,  
Perfect peace, supreme delight.

I in Thee and Thou in me—  
Wonderful the mystery.”

May the blessing of the Lord rest upon the reader of this book, and may the Holy Spirit carry its words to every hungering and thirsting soul throughout the world.



## A Poetical Treasure.

---

Fifty years ago the following poem, with the introduction thereto, was printed in Louisiana, in the "Christian Advocate and Journal." I found it appropriate to my own feelings while in that country, and I have kept it as a sacred treasure. Now I give it to you :

"We are informed that the first three stanzas of the following piece of poetry were written by a young foreigner, who, having left the parental hall 'where prayer was wont to be made,' afterward fell into circumstances of great affliction, during which, as was very natural, the 'scenes of his tranquility' rose to his view in all their force and beauty, and constrained him to pour forth his sorrows in these measured and moving strains. The three following stanzas were added by another, and the fourth by another :"

### THE FAMILY BIBLE.

---

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful connections and innocent joy ;  
When blessed with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high ;  
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand,  
And that richest of books that excels every other,  
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

#### CHORUS :

The old fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,  
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

The Bible the volume of God's inspiration  
At morning and evening could yield us delight ;  
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,  
For mercies by day and for safety by night ;  
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
All warm from the breast of a family band,  
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility long have we parted,  
My hopes almost gone and my parents no more ;  
In sorrow and darkness I live broken hearted  
A wanderer unknown on a far-distant shore ;  
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,  
Forgetful of gifts from His bountiful hand ;  
O let me with patience receive His correction,  
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger  
With it I seemed circled by parents and friends ;  
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger,  
Thy promise through infinite ages extends.  
Hope brightens to vigor and rises to glory,  
I love to behold the invisible land  
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,  
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Hail ! rising the brightest and best of the morning,  
The star which has guided my parents safe home,  
The beam of thy glory my pathway adorning  
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom ;  
And as ancient sages, to worship the stranger,  
With ecstasy hastened to Canaan's fair land ;  
I will bow to adore, but not in a manger—  
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,  
I flee to the Bible and trust in the Lord ;  
Though darkness should cover His merciful dealings  
My soul is still cheered by His heavenly word ;



And now from things earthly my soul is removing,  
I soon shall shout glory in heaven's bright land ;  
And with raptures of joy be forever adoring  
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

My parents though dead are safe landed in glory,  
Escaped to the mansions of heavenly rest ;  
Where seraphs and angels repeat the glad story  
Of Jesus' love to poor sinners confessed ;  
They range the blest fields on the banks of the river,  
Surveying the breadth of Emanuel's Land ;  
They love Him and praise Him for ever and ever,  
For giving the Bible that lay on the stand.



## The Heavenly Sculptor.

---

T. C. UPHAM.

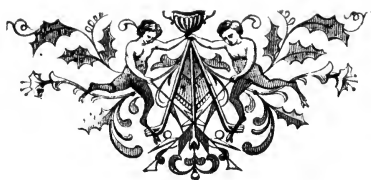
Shrink not from suffering. Each dear blow,  
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,  
Is but a messenger to show  
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock :  
Loud the relentless hammer rings ;  
And from the rude, unshapen block,  
At length, imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone ;  
And waitest till the arm of strife  
Shall make its crucifixions known,  
And smite and carve thee into life.

The heavenly Sculptor works on thee ;  
Be patient. Soon His arm of might  
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,  
And change thee to a form of light.







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